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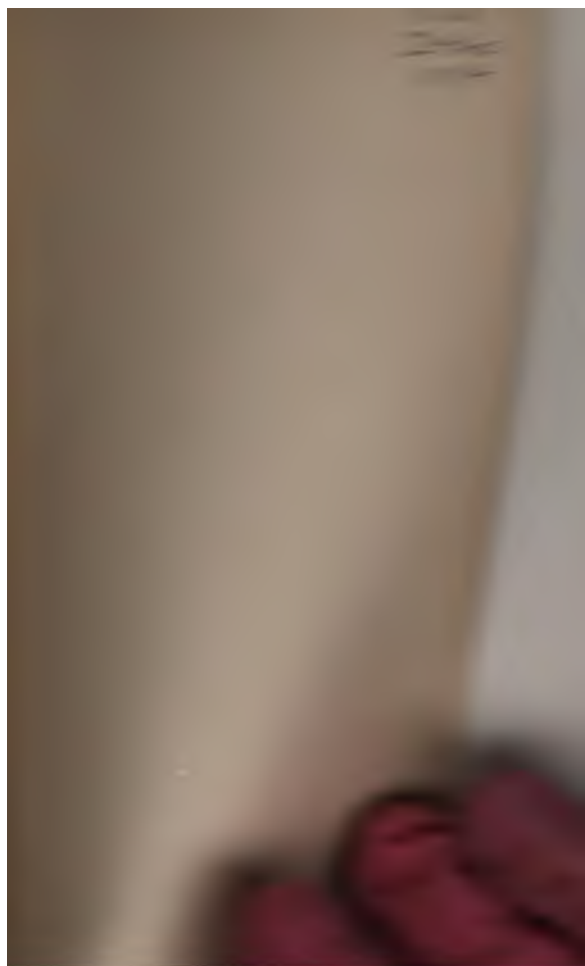
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**A** 398161





THE GIFT OF  
E. W. Deah





# Songs of Seven.



# Songs of Seven.



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3

19

10



44



**"BUT I'LL LOVE HIM MORE, MORE THAN E'ER WIFE  
LOVED BEFORE, BE THE DAYS DARK OR BRIGHT."**

*Collection of "Masterpieces"*

---

JEAN INGELow

---

# Songs of Seven

*With numerous original  
illustrations by*

KIRK ESTÉ



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS



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gt.  
E.W. Dean  
12-1-25

Seven Times One. Ex-  
ultation.







"I'VE SAID MY 'SEVEN TIMES' OVER AND OVER,  
SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN."



# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the  
daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven :  
I've said my "seven times" over  
and over,

Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a  
letter ;

My birthday lessons are done ;



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

The lambs play always, they  
know no better ;  
They are only one times one.



"O MOON ! IN THE NIGHT I HAVE SEEN YOU  
SAILING AND SHINING SO ROUND  
AND LOW."



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

O moon ! in the night I have seen  
    you sailing  
And shining so round and  
    low ;  
You were bright ! ah, bright !  
    but your light is failing,—  
You are nothing now but a  
    bow.

You moon, have you done some-  
    thing wrong in heaven  
That God has hidden your  
    face ?  
I hope if you have you will soon  
    be forgiven,  
And shine again in your  
    place.





SONGS OF SEVEN.



"O VELVET BEE, YOU'RE A DUSTY FELLOW."

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fel-  
low,

You've powdered your legs  
with gold!

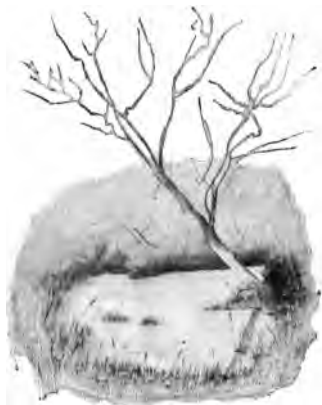
O brave marsh marybuds, rich  
and yellow,

Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded  
wrapper,

Where two twin turtle-doves  
dwell!





"O BRAVE MARSHMARY BUDS."



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

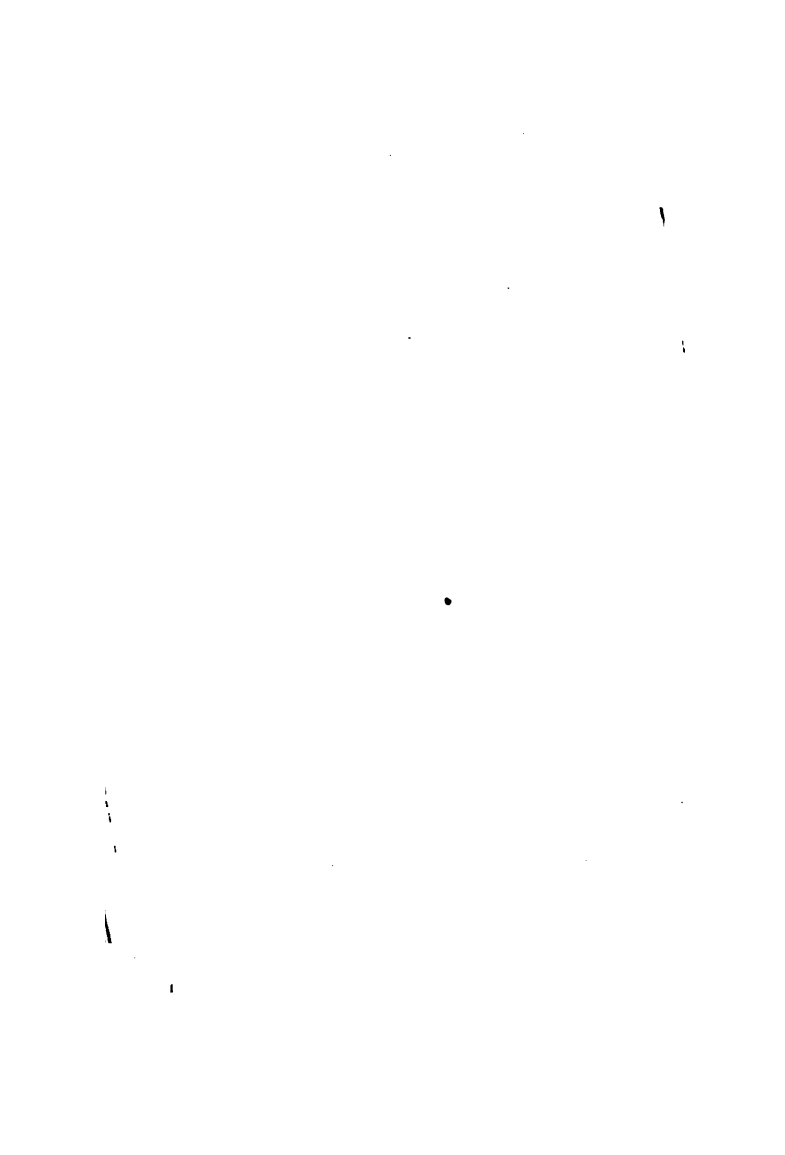
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple  
clapper  
That hangs in your clear green  
bell !

And show me your nest with the  
young ones in it ;  
I will not steal them away ;  
I am old ! you may trust me, lin-  
net, linnet—  
I am seven times one to-day.



Seven Times Two. Ro-  
mance.







**" I WISH AND I WISH THAT THE SPRING WOULD  
GO FASTER, NOR LONG SUMMER  
BIDE SO LATE."**



# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring  
out your changes,  
How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's  
note as he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or  
by swelling  
No magical sense conveys,



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

And bells have forgotten their  
old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again,” once  
they rang cheerily,  
While a boy listened alone ;  
Made his heart yearn again, mus-  
ing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your  
good days are over,  
And mine, they are yet to be ;  
No listening, no longing shall  
aught, aught discover  
You leave the story to me.





**"MADE HIS HEART YEARN AGAIN, MUSING SO  
WEARILY ALL BY HIMSELF ON A STONE."**





SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

The foxglove shoots out of the  
green matted heather  
Preparing her hoods of snow ;  
She was idle, and slept till the  
sunshiny weather :  
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring  
would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late ;  
And I could grow on like the  
foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear  
hearts shall discover.  
While dear hands are laid on  
my head ;





THE FOXGLOVE SHOOTS  
OUT OF THE GREEN MAT-  
TED HEATHER.









SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

“ The child is a woman, the book  
may close over,  
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story—the birds  
cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree ;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long  
years, O bring it !  
Such as I wish it to be.



Seven Times Three.  
Love.



Seven Times Three.  
Love.



I LEANED OUT OF WIN-  
DOW, I SMELT THE WHITE  
CLOVER, DARK, DARK WAS  
THE GARDEN, I SAW NOT  
THE GATE.

1





1

2

# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt  
the white clover,  
Dark, dark was the garden, I  
saw not the gate ;  
“ Now, if there be footsteps, he  
comes, my one lover—  
Hush, nightingale, hush ! O  
sweet nightingale, wait  
Till I listen and hear  
If a step draweth near,  
For my love he is late !



“ The skies in the darkness stoop  
nearer and nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like  
fruit in the tree,

The fall of the water comes  
sweeter, comes clearer :

To what art thou listening, and  
what dost thou see ?

Let the star-clusters grow,

Let the sweet waters flow,

And cross quickly to me.

“ You night moths that hover  
where honey brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or  
settle or sleep ;

You glowworms, shine out, and  
the pathway discover



To him that comes darkling  
along the rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lieth deep—

“ Too deep for swift telling ; and  
yet, my one lover,

I've conned thee an answer, it  
waits thee to-night.”

By the sycamore passed he, and  
through the white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I  
had fashioned took flight ;

But I'll love him more, more  
Than e'er wife loved before,  
Be the days dark or bright.





BY THE SYCAMORE  
PASSED HE, AND THROUGH  
THE WHITE CLOVER.







Seven Times Four.  
Maternity.





"HEIGH HO! DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS."





# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

HEIGH ho ! daisies and butter-  
cups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately  
and tall !

When the wind wakes how they  
rock in the grasses,

And dance with the cuckoo-  
buds slender and small !

Here's two bonny boys, and  
here's mother's own lasses

Eager to gather them all.



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

Heigh ho ! daisies and butter-  
cups !

Mother shall thread them a  
daisy chain ;

Sing them a song of the pretty  
hedge sparrow,

That loved her brown little  
ones, loved them full fain :

Sing, " Heart, thou art wide  
though the house be but  
narrow "—

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and butter-  
cups,

Sweet wagging cowslips they  
bend and they bow ;



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

A ship sails afar over warm  
ocean waters,

And haply one musing doth  
stand at her prow.

O bonny brown sons, and O  
sweet little daughters,

Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and butter-  
cups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately  
and tall !

A sunshiny world full of laughter  
and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious  
of sorrow and thrall !

Send down on their pleasure  
smiles passing its measure,

God that is over us all !

1

2

Seven Times Five.  
Widowhood.





I SHALL NOT DIE, BUT  
LIVE FORLORE.







# Songs of Seven.

---

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOW-  
HOOD.

I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes  
moan  
Before I am well awake ,  
“Let me bleed ! O let me alone,  
Since I must not break !”



For children wake,  
    though fathers sleep

With a stone at  
    foot and  
    head :

O sleepless God,  
    forever keep,

Keep both living   "THOUGH FATHERS  
    and dead !       SLEEP."



I lift mine eyes, and what to see  
    And a world happy and fair !  
I have not wished it to mourn  
    with me —  
    Comfort is not there.

O what anear but golden brooms,  
    But a waste of reedy rills !





SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

O what afar but the fine glooms  
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—  
How bitter it is to part !  
O to meet thee, my love, once  
more !  
O my heart, my heart !

No more to hear, no more to see !  
O that an echo might wake  
And waft one note of thy psalm  
to me  
Ere my heart-strings break !

I should know it how faint soe'er,  
And with angel voices blent ;



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

O once to feel thy spirit anear ;  
I could be content !

Or once between the gates of  
gold,  
While an entering angel trod,  
But once—thee sitting to behold  
On the hills of God !



Seven Times Six.  
Giving in Marriage.



# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
    To watch, and then to lose :  
To see my bright ones disappear,  
    Drawn up like morning dews—  
To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
    To watch, and then to lose :  
This have I done when God drew  
    near  
    Among his own to choose.



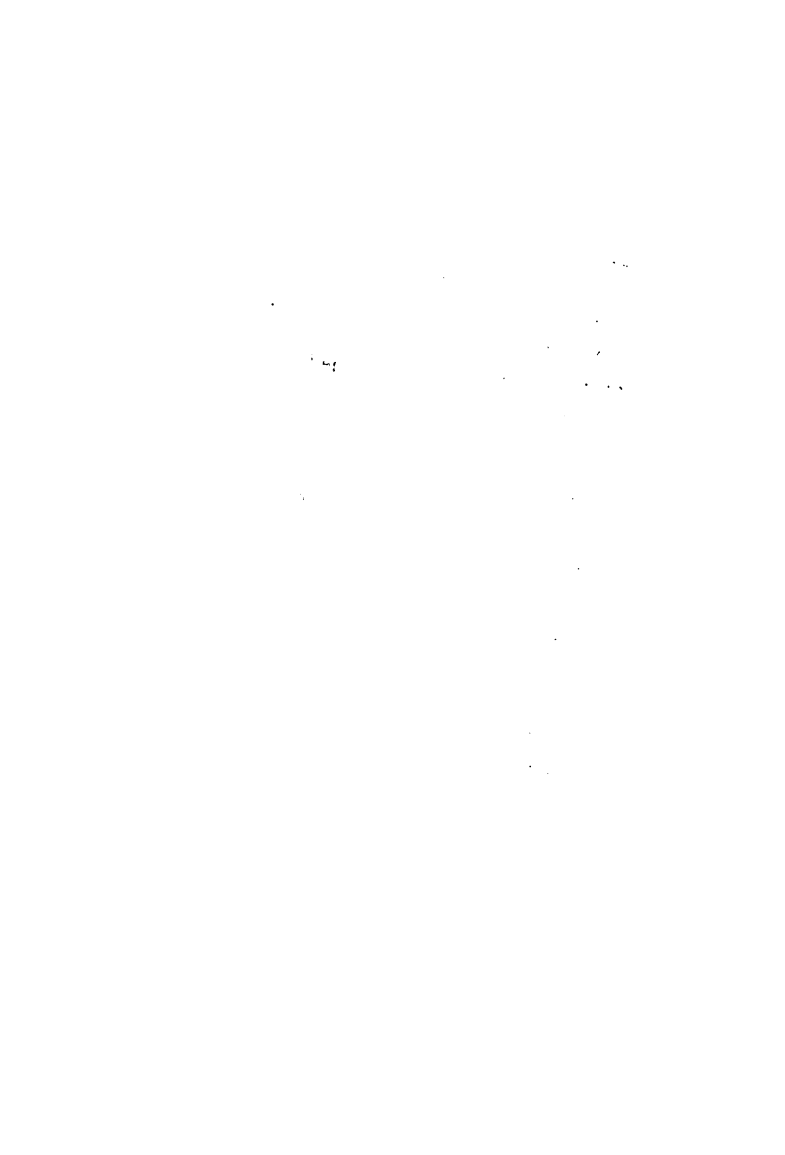


SONGS OF SEVEN.

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To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
Will let no longer smart.—  
To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst I smiled,  
For now it was not God who said,  
“Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind !  
To God I gave with tears ;  
But when a man like grace would  
find,  
My soul put by her fears—  
O fond, O fool, and blind !  
God guards in happier spheres ;



SONGS OF SEVEN.

---

That man will guard where he  
did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words  
are said,  
Thy face no more she views :  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in naught accuse ;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love—and then to lose.

240

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

Seven Times Seven.  
Longing for Home.

1  
2  
3

4  
5

6

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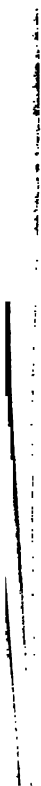
9

NAY, BUT THE PORT  
WHERE MY SAILOR WENT,  
AND THE LAND WHERE MY  
NESTLINGS BE.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are written in a cursive hand, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed hand. The list is organized in two columns, with names on the left and addresses on the right. The names are: John A. Smith, James B. Jones, William C. Brown, and Thomas D. White. The addresses are: 123 Main Street, New York, N.Y.; 456 Elm Street, Boston, Mass.; 789 Oak Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and 101 Pine Street, Washington, D.C.







# Songs of Seven.

---

## SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. LONG- ING FOR HOME.

### I.

A SONG of a boat :—

There was once a boat on a  
billow :

Lightly she rocked to her port  
remote,

And the foam was white in her  
wake like snow,

And her frail mast bowed when  
the breeze would blow,





“ LIGHTLY SHE ROCKED TO HER PORT  
REMOTE ”

40

And bent like a wand of wil-  
low.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day  
when a boat  
Went curtseying over the  
billow,  
I marked her course till a danc-  
ing mote  
She faded out on the moonlit  
foam,  
And I stayed behind in the dear  
loved home ;  
And my thoughts all day were  
about the boat  
And my dreams upon the  
pillow.







"I MARKED HER COURSE TILL A DANCING  
MOTE SHE FADED OUT ON THE MOONLIT  
FOAM."



III.

I pray you hear my song of a  
boat,

For it is but short :—

My boat you shall find none  
fairer afloat,

In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad  
she bore,

On the open desolate sea,

And I think he sailed to the  
heavenly shore,

For he came not back to  
me—

Ah me !



IV.

A song of a nest :—  
There was once a nest in a  
hollow :



" I PRAY YOU' HEAR MY SONG OF A NEST,  
FOR IT IS NOT LONG."

Down in the mosses and knot-  
grass pressed,  
Soft and warm, and full to the  
brim—



Vetches leaned over it purple and  
dim,  
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a  
nest,  
For it is not long :—  
You shall never light, in a sum-  
mer quest,  
The bushes among—  
Shall never light on a prouder  
sitter,  
A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
A softer sound than their tender  
twitter,  
That wind-like did come and go.







"HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS."



"HUNTING FOR FURS IN THE FORESTS."

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
Ah, happy, happy I !  
Right dearly I loved them : but  
when they were grown



"O, ONE AFTER ONE THEY FLEW AWAY  
FAR UP TO THE HEAVENLY BLUE."

They spread out their wings to  
fly—  
O, one after one they flew away  
Far up to the heavenly blue,



To the better country, the upper  
day,  
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you, what is the nest to  
me,  
My empty nest?  
And what is the shore where I  
stood to see  
My boat sail down to the west?  
Can I call that home where I  
anchor yet,  
Though my good man has  
sailed?  
Can I call that home where my  
nest was set,



SONGS OF SEVEN.

.....

Now all its hope hath failed ?  
Nay, but the port where my  
sailor went,  
And the land where my nest-  
lings be :  
There is the home where my  
thoughts are sent,  
The only home for me—  
Ah me !

THE END.

40



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ant.

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THANATOPSIS.

---

Nor in the embrace of ocean,  
shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nour-  
ished thee, shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to  
earth again,



"THE SLUGGISH CLOD, WHICH THE RUDE  
SWAIN TURNS WITH HIS SHARE, AND  
TREADS UPON."



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"Evangeline." Long-  
fellow.

*Collection of "Masterpieces."*



" 'PATIENCE !' THE PRIEST WOULD SAY."



